

1843

Grave of Bonaparts

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The
GRAVE OF BONAPARTE

A SONG,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

Principal Members
of the
Hutchinson Family.

Music by

L. H. HATFIELD

*"He sleeps his last sleep; he has fought his last battle;
No sound can awake him to glory again."*

BOSTON

Published by OLIVER DITSON 115 Washington St.



Entered according to Act of Congress, 1874, by Oliver Ditson in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Mass.

THE GRAVE OF BONAPARTE.

CON ANIM.

The piano introduction is in 2/4 time, marked *p* (piano) and *f* (forte). It features a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand, both in B-flat major.

On a lone barren isle where the wild roaring billow Assail the stern

The first system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in B-flat major, 2/4 time. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

rock and the loud tempests rave The he - ro lies still, while the dew drooping

The second system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues the melody, and the piano accompaniment provides harmonic support.

willow Like fond weeping mourners leaned o - ver the grave. The lightnings may

The third system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line concludes with a final note, and the piano accompaniment features a strong *f* (forte) chord at the end.

flash, and the loud thunders rattle. He heeds not, he hears not, he's free from all

pain; He sleeps his last sleep, he has fought his last battle, No sound can a -

- wake him to glo - - - ry a - - gain No sound can a - wake him to

glo - - - ry a - gain.

Oh shade of the mighty, where now are the legions That rushed but to conquer when

thou ledst them on A-las! they have perished in far hilly regions And

all save the fame of their triumph is gone The trumpet may sound, and the

loud cannon rattle They heed not, they hear not, they're free from all pain, They

sleep their last sleep, they have fought their last battle, No sound can a -

wake them to glo - ry a - gain No sound can a - wake them to

glo - ry a - gain.

3

Yet spirit immortal, the tomb cannot bind thee,
 For like thine own eagle that soared to the sun
 Thou springest from bondage, and leavest behind thee,
 A name, which before thee no mortal had won.
 Though nations may combat, and war's thunders rattle,
 No more on the steed wilt thou sweep o'er the plain;
 Thou sleepest thy last sleep, thou hast fought thy last battle,
 No sound can awake thee to glory again,
 No sound &c.

